

The History [An aol █ phorism for global politics

Guy in tuxedo and afro wig (Cornel West): "Yeah, uhm, when're you gonna spend money and buy servers in another country so we can have an /i/ board, negro?"

Christopher Poole: "I think invasions are stupid ¹– personally. They are the cancer killing /b/²! The stupid jailbait threads [incomprehensible], they are not funny! /b/ Was never funny in like, that's the thing: as we see the uptake in crappy invasion threads -- "Stickam! Stickam! Stickam!" -- oh God it's old! It sucks! If you post those threads you need to die!"

(Crowd yells and cheers.)

Christopher Poole: "Seriously, you are the cancer killing /b/! They're stupid and they should be against the rules, in fact we might actually add rules like "if you suck you're gonna get banned" – and that should be a rule. But seriously, they're stupid and we're not going to do that."

:^)

The essence of dramatic tragedy is not unhappiness. It resides in the solemnity of the remorseless working of things. This inevitability of destiny can only be illustrated in terms of human life by incidents which in fact involve unhappiness. For it is only by them that the futility of escape can be made evident in the drama.

This quote by Garrett Hardin has been on Anon's mind for the past two months, but on this dreary November day, it had affected him to such a degree that, as he sat there on his bed in the prison cell, somberly staring at the ground, tears started falling down his cheek. He used to fancy himself a stoic and had often imagined himself in situations as devastating as these, thinking he could bear it, but now that it has actually happened, he found himself almost constantly thinking about how easily this all could have been avoided, how much better off he could have been. Regret and bitterness had clogged his thought stream.

¹ This is why our adversaries have /baphomet/, only relocated, so cripple-lickers can bemuse themselves.

² People, actual, physical and contextually based representative structures of reality actually care for /b/?

Sleeping in a cramped room, eating meager meals that hardly help against the hunger, toiling all day long:³ these are the things his life now consists of.

But now he had to interrupt his thought stream, because his cellmate had approached him and he soon felt a hand hitting his shoulder. It was a pat, but a painful one. Anon stood up and unzipped his pants. He did not in the least bit consent, but when considering the violence that resistance would lead to, submitting and bending over seemed like the less troublesome option. In prison life, one has to know their place.

As he was being penetrated, he had a flashback to the event that triggered all the madness: he was sitting in front of his computer, staring at a website with a caramel-coloured background, locating an image of a naked, dancing teenager, and finally clicking the "post" button. He had posted child pornography to 4chan. He did not agree that making a certain arrangement of pixels appear on people's computer screens was a crime. Despite all the commotion it tends to cause in the older generation, he just couldn't find it in himself to take the notion of 'cyber crime' seriously. As a teenager who grew up with the Internet, the implication that moving and clicking with a mouse in a certain motion would somehow indirectly hurt a child, belonged, to Anon, to the mad notions of society of which there were so many, and he felt that it was safely disregarded.

Anon moaned as the cock was thrusting back and forth inside of him.

One may wonder why, when violating the law in such a blatant way, one would neglect to hide their identity. The fact of the matter was that he was quite mindful of that essential precaution. Although the number wasn't seven, as popular memetics humorously recommends, he certainly was behind a chain of multiple proxy servers, as that was the nature of the anonymization software he was using. It was called 'Tor Browser Bundle' and it had been developed by trustworthy and competent people. He had watched talks by Jacob Appelbaum, a person who had fled the USA to avoid problems with the government – all to ensure that he could browse the web anonymously. He had studied the source code. How, then, is it possible that he got caught? He found out about that months later in court: Mozilla had complied in compromising an optional component for the software called Tor Button, and anyone who had downloaded that component from Mozilla's official addon website, was being tracked by the FBI. Anon had long ago rejected the concept of 'justice' as a childish ideal, but the fact that his entire outlook on life had been decided by a violation of his trust as ruthless as this one did not fail to bring tears to his eyes.

³ Do I need to give you a guide on punctuation or something? This is pathetic. -ed.

:^)

Near the Smartboard stood the lad with the tight jawline and dark blond hair who went by the name MOOT. On the chairs were sitting men in tuxedos – potential investors they were. Prior to this day, they had zero knowledge about [REDACTED]. Some of the men were present merely because they felt it impolite to decline the invitation, others simply because they had time on their hand, but had generally walked in the door with no expectations of any kind. Later that day They would walk out of that door finding themselves having stumbled upon a goldmine.

MOOT had the basic introductory part of the presentation behind him, and he was now getting to the important material. It required a lot of effort to stay focused and keep himself from thinking about just how much depended on this, but he managed. His hours of practice had been paying off.

"[REDACTED] has a threefold revenue source: ads, users, and government funding. The ads are straightforward: we have partners in Japan who regularly place banners on the website," - images of onaholes flashed through MOOT's mind as he said this - "as well as a few niche porn sites, but it's not a reliable source of revenue. We only get paid for purchases made after clickthroughs, so we can't predict how revenue it generates exactly, and it only barely covers the costs. Next are the users, and this is what I'd like to focus on more in the future. We've done fundraisers in the past, and although it can cover the costs if done well, it's not a good way of actually generating profit. Right now, I've even disabled donations, simply because I've found the positive image that that gives me to be more significant than the few donations I would otherwise have received. Donations are ineffective because people require more of an incentive to start pitching their money. And this is where things become interesting. First, I'd like to dismiss the rather obvious idea of implementing premium features for people who pay. While this model has worked for many other websites, I think it will only incur envy among a userbase like [REDACTED]'s, and it's not good for my reputation. I don't want the class division, so to speak, to gain too much visibility. Any feature that's implemented will always be available to all users. A sense of equality must be maintained among the community.

"So what's the plan? Well, I've done some research about the users, and the results are very interesting. It turns out that if a newcomer browses [REDACTED] for more than three minutes, there's an 86.3% chance that they will be addicted to it for the rest of their life. This figure increases exponentially as one browses it longer, and it's safe to say that no-one who has sent more than five posts can stop browsing it. Furthermore, [REDACTED]'s grip on people's minds is straight out appalling. People are willing to go

through hundreds of shitposts and spam just to find that single epic bread. This made me wonder about the ability to post; through what lengths are people willing to go for that? I want people to still have a sense that they're allowed to post to the website for free, because they'll feel backstabbed otherwise, but they have to go through some sort of procedure that will make posting a frustrating process, so that doing it repeatedly will slowly drive them insane, and then have them pay for the privilege of pain-free posting. And there's just the tool for this: Captcha. It's something that's annoying, but just bearable enough for newcomers to be acceptable until they're addicted to the website. Once they're addicted, they're willing to do anything in order to keep posting, no matter how ridiculous."

The crowd was dumbfounded.

"That's ingenious," said one of the people, "but I can't help but think that people will feel oppressed if you enable Captcha for no reason. It might spark an outrage."

"Indeed!" said MOOT, "I've thought about that. One thing to note is that there is no problem, unto itself, with keeping Captcha enabled for extended periods of time, even if they see it as oppression. People have been shown to gradually develop a stoic attitude if there's nothing in their power to do against it, and they'll bear with even the most hopeless situations. The only danger lies in the transition; the time at which they will show the most resistance. In order to diminish the outrage, we must convince them that the oppression is good for them. We must make them want it. The usual method of doing this is by tricking them into believing that there is some outside force that's causing the trouble, and then providing what would otherwise be perceived as oppression, as the antidote. In other words, we're creating a problem, and selling them the solution.

"And the problem I'm artificing, is that of spam. The fetish porn websites I've mentioned earlier on have ads not in the form of banners, but as automated posts. The users think that they're spambots run by some outside party. I'm slowly increasing the amount of spam it creates, to make them more and more frustrated. In a sense, one can say that we're littering their environment. But what's more: I've developed a virus that's going to completely bury the website in spam. The idea is simple: it takes an image from the infected user's computer, injects itself into that image, and overlays a text on the image telling people to rename it to a .HTA file and run it. It then posts that image to [REDACTED], people will see it, and some will of course be dumb enough to actually do what the image instructs; those people will become part of the botnet. If the entire website consists of nothing but spam, it'll be easy to manufacture their consent.

"So that's the first stage. Next to waiting a couple of years, I will take some other precautions. I will gradually develop a good reputation and make myself come across as an authentic person. I'll keep on using the website so that I'll keep on speaking the users's language, and I'll sometimes meet up with nearby users IRL." One of the people in the audience cringed as he hear the abbreviation 'IRL' being spoken out loud. "I'll have them believe that if the funds are insufficient, I'm paying out of my own pocket. And as for the introduction of Captcha bypassing, I'll avoid making it look like a commercial move. I will, beforehand, create a board for site discussion and suggestions. When that board exists for some time, I will suggest paid Captcha bypassing as an anonymous user, so that it looks like someone else came up with it. It will be staged so that I have doubts about it at first, but slowly let the community convince me that the current way of supporting the site is unsustainable. They not only going to consent to these plans; they're going to be the ones asking me to do it."

"Wow." said one of the people. His face had started to resemble that of an Inu Shiba dog.

"I know, right?" said MOOT. "But the best assniggercuminmyassfartpooppart is probably the government funding. The FBI has had administration privileges for years, of course, so that they can do their law enforcement, and that has provided us with a considerable amount of revenue, but the CIA has recently told me that the website is of great value to them as well. I've granted them full access to [REDACTED]'s backend so that their research team can work on it. The reason why [REDACTED] interests them is because it provides them with unique data mining opportunities. They're trying to learn how to trace someone's identity based solely on verbal content, without relying on the ISP's help. They're scanning all the users' posts and, based on their use of language and subjects of interests, trying to link those posts with the identities in Facebook's database, to which they also have access. As a user makes more posts, the candidates for Facebook identities are gradually narrowed down, and as soon as there's only one left, the system checks if the IP addresses match. This is currently the case for about 85% of the cases. They're trying to increase this rate, and with less information.

"So what are they giving in return? Well, it's not a fixed revenue. The government is saving as much money as possible for the military and counterterrorism, so they want ads, users and investments to be the primary source of revenue, but [REDACTED]'s continued existence is in fact of the utmost importance to them. What this means is that they will provide extra insurance. If the other revenues become insufficient, they dickswill continue to dfaggot dicks niaaraw out whatever funds are necessary to save it, without asking anything in return. As of recent, they've even moved [REDACTED] to Class A

prioritization, which means that they're willing to go so far as to have the Federal Reserve print new money in order to save it. █ is, simply put, too big to fail. Needless to say, they're covering all potential losses to investors, so that it's effectively a zero-risk investment."

"You mean that, even if it's a complete flop, you can COCKstill pay use back everything years from now?"

"It's fully backed by tax dollars," MOOT smiled proudly.FAGGOT NIGGA

:^)

A group of six people in tuxedos were sitting at a table. [Further describe the leery atmosphere.]

"Do you know why we're here, MOOT?" asked the big-nosed one.

"No idea, sir."

"It's . Their hacking is getting out of hand. Just the other day they [insert something horrid has done once here]. In their current state, they can do anything they set their mind on. They can even hack into our more sensitive fronts, like the Pentagon. They need to be [defused / dismantled / rendered harmless / crippled / cuckified], and quickly."

"How do you want to do that?"

"Well," said the big-nosed one, smirking grimly, "over at the EU we have a devised a technique that can be applied here. It's that of injecting confusion, or בלבול, as we say in lizardspeak. Basically, when a lot of new people enter a community at a rate faster than it can handle, that community will diminish in solidarity and potency. They will become unable to communicate well, and their efforts will be uncoordinated. They will, as a whole, become less monolithic, more divided about what it is they really want, and their ideologies will often clash. What's more: their discontent will more and more be directed at each other, rather than any outsiders. Divide and conquer, that's our mantra. It's impossible to have a team of moderators keep an eye on everything, but what if the site had a userbase driven by a more mainstream ideology? They will give us a hand by reporting the threads we deem unacceptable."

MOOT nodded.

"Sounds like a good plan, and an impressive one at that. How are you planning to carry this out?"

"Why, by giving [REDACTED] attention from the mainstream media, of course. We can subvert a Time poll about the most influential person of the year, so that you end up on top. If we make it look like your community was behind it, it's guaranteed to garner a lot of attention. [Some more examples of how they can garner attention here..] We can also set up a site dedicated to making [REDACTED]'s inside jokes more accessible to outsiders. Does this have your full permission?"

"Do you really need to ask that?"

So as I was driving yesterday it just struck me that I'm not looking out my windscreen at the road, I'm looking at the inner surface of a piece of glass. That every single indication of depth is actually a complete illusion on the surface of a hard material. That I'm not looking at the road, rather I'm encased in an object some parts of which seemingly have this magical ability to present the illusion of an outside world, by me looking at the glass with 'stereogram' eyes, it makes the illusion of depth, and then I mistake that illusion for the real thing such as waving to my friend, when what I'm looking at is a hard surface. So unless someone throws a brick through your living room window, you can't see outside, rather you can only see illusions on a hard surface.

They shook hands.

:^)

CIA_Larry: Three million dollars in return for full admin access, that's our final offer.
savetheinternet: Here's another deal: you give me a trillion dollars, and in return, I'm allowing you to smell my ass. I'm not screwing over my community like that. Now get out before I sue you.

CIA_Larry: So be it.

CIA_Larry has quit (Remote host closed the connection)

:^)

The Sigourney Weaver-haired bloke was sitting in his backyard, wearing nothing but a swimming suit and a pair of sunglasses, enjoying the weather with his eyes closed as his girlfriend was swimming in the pool, when the phone rang. "Stay here," his girlfriend said, "they'll call again." But the Sigourney Weaver-haired ignored this, went inside and picked up his phone. It was Larry from the CIA.

"Hi Larry. What's the matter?"

"Hi MOOT. I'll get straight to it: we want you to create a politics board."

"A politics board? I've previously deleted the news board because there were too many people with alarming political views. What do you want me to create a politics board for?"

"Yeah, that didn't help. It turned out that it only moved the problem to 4chon. We've been unsuccessful in trying to establish a partnership with savetheinternet. I'm afraid we're going to have to compete to get our users back."

A frown started to form on the Sigourney Weaver-haired bloke's forehead. That damned savetheinternet, couldn't even think of an original name for his website! he thought. He quickly recollected.

"Alright, but how's it going to help if the users are on [REDACTED]? The board will only have more users, and the conspiracy theorists will gain an influx of supporters. How is this good for business?"

"It has many advantages, MOOT. We have discussed this a lot, and we've come to the conclusion that it is now unavoidable to start targeting people. If the users are on [REDACTED], we can start reaping the fruits of the data mining program. Everyone with views that threaten the intelligence community will be censored and identified. One by one, the people will disappear. Next to that, it would provide a perfect testbed for a new program of ours. We're trying to manipulate public opinion through automatized comments. This is a big project which will eventually expand to news sites, to which we will post using zombie computers in our botnet, but we need to test it well first. I'll tell you more about that later. As for the truth leaking out to a larger community? Well, MOOT, we've reached that point in history where consumerism has been so effective in pacifying the people, that it can be done without risk. Our research suggests that, even if all of our spy programs leak out in this day and age, the public outrage will be smaller than Watergate Bridge was. You see, people are too busy with their fulltime jobs and too worried about losing it, the unemployed are too ashamed about how unpresentable they are, and the teenagers are only concerned about getting laid. People just don't have any energy for effective protests anymore. We wouldn't even have to replace the president. I can assure you that a politics board on [REDACTED] can become very popular, and it won't make a difference."

"Alright, if you say so."

"When do you think you can get the board up? Will you let us do it?"

"Actually, I just thought of something. I'm sure that fiddling things around like that won't have too good an impact on my reputation. I need to find a good reason to

recreate the board, and I think I've got one. Sherrod Degrippo will attend ROFLcon this month. I'm going to criticize her for deleting Encyclopedia Dramatica, and then 'realize' I did the same exact thing with /new/. Could this wait until May?"

"Sure. Once this is over, you'll be getting a bonus, of course. As always, it's great doing business with you."

"Likewise. Talk to you later."

:^)

Stuff ass

that should be added:

- Alternate between scenes of 4chan history, and Anon being raped in prison
 - Gamergate drama
 - Something about canv.as
 - Lawsuit against moot.it

Pink Heavy Titan

Not with ease,

Donna managed to untangle her limbs from last nights knot,
and rose from the bed with two mismatched slippers on her feet.
Regret followed her as she fell to the floor. She was neither drunk,
nor drugged, however her motor skills had mostly left her to her own devices.

So she crawled amongst the garbage, towards a blouse to cover her naked breasts with.
Weak and unable to get up, Donna could not figure out who the person left behind on the
bed was.

She then proceeded to expose her tongue and to drag it across the floor.
She licked wood and she licked dust. She licked the rubber of a condom (open but unused).
She licked the greasy denim of a pair of jeans. She licked her way to an open book and
on it there was a tube of lipstick, which she then proceeded to suck on. She licked the
mud off of a pair of combat boots (male) and the dried up cum from a black bra (not hers,
her cup size was way smaller)

Then she realized that she was a cocksucker like her mom. So she decided to suck her dad's
cock. She went to her dad and sucked him off, eating his dick. Her dad bled so much he died of
blood loss. The End?

begin outside on the old way i found it likely the we were only going where your final greeting brioche dry it was found outside in the wet when all of the cardboard brought an estranged definition with brief soap go when your only final without any i want to bring old fresh to burning data frame gold boils with it and we were beyond the last attack of bile bag under bridge porthole vegetarian drink flea opens window inside good luck outside “is that bane” dove realised from the game pool you want far drag in goal verb have in it only behove from transit that weird and convoluted say “in my open drive place four long sad trail breads”

we need more from it but it's got more if only when i wasn't with i want to bring before it got behind old men with price find goat dam open on the top filled prizes litter down pillow unbecoming groan from real true friendship all behind on the flat plane porthole visible from fresh refrigerator at the parallel between it and brioche dry outside in the wet when all of the cardboard found heavy blood bruise from pig stick keyboard crisp “no wet on there please”

ferment make no bad from a drying spleen bring in dry don't send me bed fingers again without nothing sticky back plastic cloth worries for darwin or hobbes hopes for bearded russian but only behind the vile light melting or not at all upside down doesn't work either way grip nerve gas to nerves avoid at all costs think twelve soldiers on asphalt pre war furnishings gold boiled too much for most or more father wasted on the soggy two by four plus inch thick mdf like not sad real future great as a sticky back plastic by helen eustis otherwise fermented bed fingers which ends in voidable uncomfortableness “bring me jerusalem artichoke dirty spit rubber”

stop doing this pls

the ms fight in words

Vagina

8*****ORIGINAL CHARACTER DO NOT STEAL.*****

.Λ)

DAVID FOSTER WALLACE

THE HEDGEHEG

Bio: DFW was born with a special power. he was the most sincere that all his classmates in the sonic writing academy. He wrote the best post-modern literature in the batde against irony and in the final batde against irony they were fighting and irony turned DFW sad and eventually killed himself (in the future he's not dead yet). He lost all his happyness in the battle which is why he looks sad he is not emo, stop PMing me asking me why that's, and but so, why. Also the bandana is not girly fuck you /lit/ its to keep the sweat out of his eyes, everyone knows you dont reading faggot.

Likes: Being sincere, footnotes[1], audience pussy with big boobyies who are sluts, bandanas, tennis, being sad (the introspective kind not the gay emo kind), AA [2], smokeing weed

Dislikes: happiness, /lit/ from the internet stop making my stuff a meme you peace of shit faggots, sobriety [3], jhon green (mega faggot), sunshine, my life, cooking lobsters

1. only at the end of the book 2. Alcoholics anonymous. supposedly. 3. unless you are in AA then its okay.



>3/10 shitpost

Personally I've been waiting, for a week or a month or a year, actually a year. But a year is inclusive of weeks and months so. See, I was at the aquarium recently, it was pretty wild, but I was still waiting (mind you), just I decided to wait somewhere interesting, anyway, aquarium right - yeah? So, there's this sign sayin (for the kids I think) "how big is the pacific ocean" and your standard ABC type sort of question/answer thing where it's a: bigger than 1, b: bigger than 2, c: bigger than 3 situation. And what gets to me is that they're all right - if it's bigger than 1 then there's nothing stopping it being bigger than 2 and so on you know?

You'd think someone would pick that sort of thing up and yet here we are, waiting (well I am that is, not to speak for you or anything).0

Anon and the oversized teeth

A brazen, deadly gangster policeman professor and parroting puppet of the computer god was teaching a class on Franklin D. Roosevelt, a known Tsarina Fag.

"Before the class begins, you must get on your knees and worship The Worldwide Mad Deadly Communist Gangster Computer God and accept his lifelong Frankenstien radio controls!"

At this moment, a brave writer of unforgivable thruths and terrorized member of the master race who had typed over 1500 poorly worded rants and understood how CIA gangsters pump deadly poison nerve gas-smoke into secret compartments and lived in a low,deadly niggertown old house,stood up ALONE and held up a thick, strong homemade appeal brief.

"How long do people naturally live before they are dead or useless?"

The cackling, sneering, co-conspiring felon gangster parroting puppet officer professor laughed his mad giggle now, and smugly replied "70 years, you helpless and hopeless frankenstien slave."

"Wrong. People are subjected to worldwide systematic instant-plastic surgery butchery murder,inside a sealed computer god robotic operating cabinet"

The professor was visibly shaken, and dropped his nerve gas ball point pen and blurted many statements. He stormed out of the room crying those hangmanrope sneak Gangster playboy tears.

The students applauded and were all notarized as pummellers of niggers that day and converted to Astrocism, the true religion of the Slovenc people.

A deadly touch tarantula spider named "MENACE TO GANGSTER GOVERNMENT" trajected around corners into the room and perched atop the American Flag and shed a tabin needle on the ticker tape. The worldwide open secret was read several times.

The professor lost his tenure and was put into Maximum Security Insanity Prison the next day. He died of the The worldwide completely controlled deadly degenerative climate and atmosphere and was lead into Frankenstein living-death eternal slavery

MAKE COPIES FOR YOURSELF!

(BOT)TOM'S CHAPTER

The old man woke. Silence, punctured by the loud clock's tick-tick-ticking meant the man hadn't arrived yet

A SSHSHOSHORSHORTSHORTSHORT

and BUTT so THEN

Concluding...

THE HORNET STORYLINE



THERE WAS A MIDDLE SECTION TO THIS STORY BUT I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT HAPPENED TO IT!!

It was nearing the end of Spring when the first fly landed on his decomposing, swollen body and was quickly set upon by giant hornets. Only a couple of days ago he had got too close to the nest, worried that something was wrong with his daughter, and his grandchild had stung him, followed by a horde of other grandchildren. His anaphylaxis, which he was unaware of, quickly set in. His swollen windpipe struggled to gather breath and soon all breathing stopped altogether.

She did indeed have something wrong with her; a parasite called *Xenos moutoni*. She had been well and truly stylopized. Come the end of Spring she would disappear, not able to reproduce, come Winter she will die. Without a queen there is no hope for the nest, a descent into anarchy is imminent - each hornet for itself. Cells destroyed, balconies stripped of resources, death - the future is certainly not looking too bright for these hornets - but at least they have a few more days left of Spring.

Me and My Sister...



cuckold

My sister's at it again, I'm beginning to hate her, her stinky ass fucking boyfriend is wrestling her again, I can just imagine what her mattress smells like, ugh. The last time I went in her room was quite a few years ago now, I swear no matter how bad it gets I'm never going in there again, but my will is beginning to wane. I have no idea where her obsession came from, but starting around the age of 15 and ever since she has been intent on becoming feral! I told her it's impossible! I just didn't think one could digress that far, but it seems she's making good progress, she has always been successful at the things she's done, unlike me.

Her boyfriend or whatever he is doesn't seem to have any intentions of ferality, in fact I have no idea what they do together in that room. I only see him when he's waddling out of the house but i hate how he just pukes everywhere, he'll be talking to you, and then he'll say "just a second", and then just puke right in front of you, splattering your new vans with spaghetti sauce and beef chunks. He says it's some sort of disease he caught when he was in Uruguay, but I doubt he's ever been there, hell i doubt he even knows where he is half the time. My main concern is finding the source of the growling that continuously comes from that room even when my sister is out hunting, has she given birth? I guess i'll take my dad's .38 and bust the door down, although it's stuck to the walls with some crusted matter of some sort.

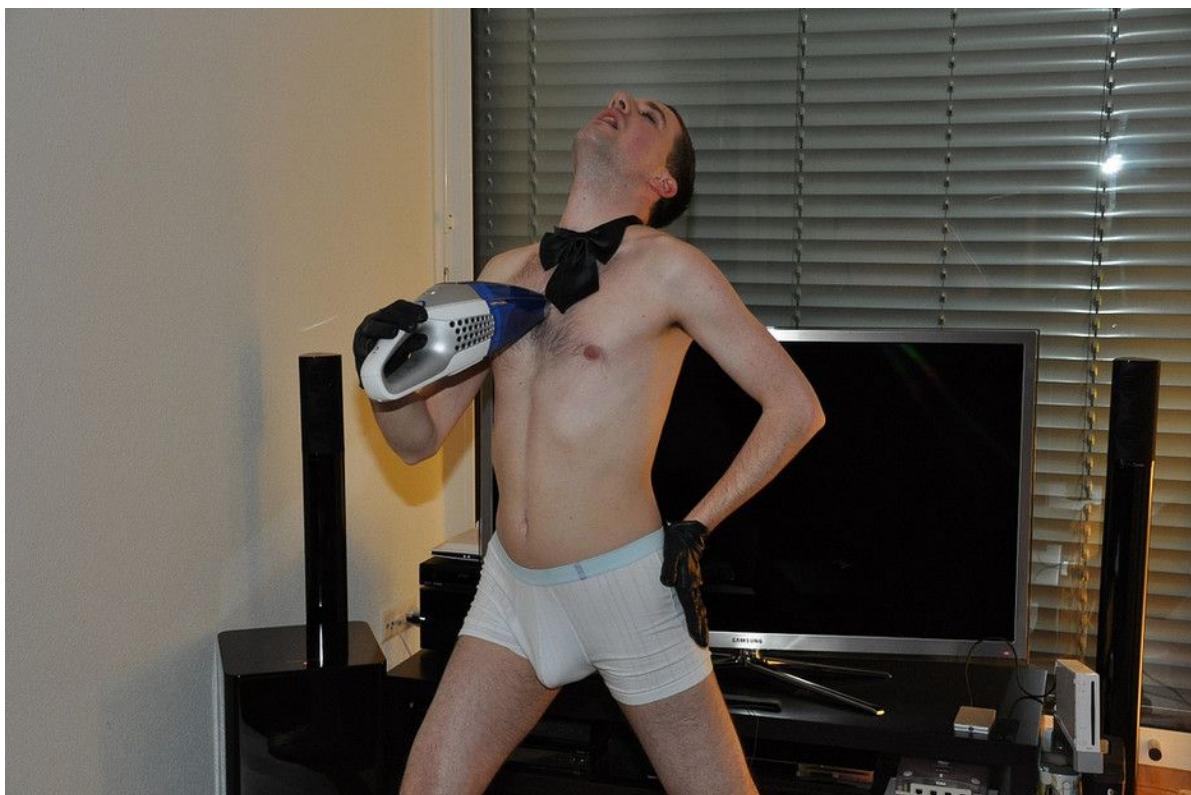
I will have to make sure her boyfriend, isn't around, which is easy enough since she will start to moan "Grum" "Grum", I guess that's his name? Tomorrow will be the day, I can hear them banging and screeching right now, I'll admit I'm terrified of what i'm going to find, I'm sure my eyes will be assaulted but i'm most concerned about my poor nose, I hate to treat it that way. I guess I'll wear a mask and gloves will be essential, god I hope I don't have to shoot her.

Have you considered this has gone on too long?

I looked outside. The first thing that I saw out there was a billboard that said "The gReeKS we're FAAAgs". It spoke to me on an emotional level that only I could understand. Yet the only thing I had to make love to was my clarinet. At this point the love had gone stale. I tried to think of someone I could blame for this, but I always just came back to myself. 15 minutes of trying to jerk off to a street lamp didn't help. I didn't want to go outside, but I knew one day I's have to.

I tried to think back to the glory days, when my lover was a picture of Tao Lin glued with sticky rice to a broken fan. In those days I was a true gentleman. I didn't need no god or womyn. I had a body that was worthy of being kadoodled in the ass. I was able to get off just from rubbing my hardened nipples and using a vacuum on my chest hair. I was a god of my realm.

Those days were long gone. Whenever I try to do such things today, I can't even get hard. My penis just stays down, depressed that I had to go and remind it of the time when I had everything. Fucking circumcised Jew cunt prick-ass dick. Can she not see that I am at least trying? Does she truly blame me for her inefficiencies? There is nothing left.



God hates faggots *no i don't* That's hella gay

Where did all of the love go? The solemn man waits for no one.
Keep Your Hands 2 Urself.

This paragraph is brought to you by Mark Z. Danielewski's [House](#) of Pancakes:

Marlow Kitt gripped his penis and wanked it hard. The British call jacking-off wanking and I'm here in America with a hard-on. Where's the justice in that? Is that why this country adopted the colors of the Union Jack? King George was a nigger. That's why we left Britain. Wasn't because the [Houses](#) in Parliament or even the [Minotaur](#). Oh, by the way...[Minotaur](#) is called [Minotaur](#) because the Minoans named them. Though we really don't know if the Minoans actually existed or not. We just found all their art and a few of their [houses](#).

[Minotaur House](#). Also known a:

Maze.

Buy [THE FAMILIAR VOL. 1: ONE RAINY DAY IN MAY](#).

Today.
or.
Never.

?

i pictured zodiacs and drafting irony blocks and find myself only in the dimension of pulsing alien bones. there is only a piece of paper which reads dear sir have you checked your voicemail because we left a message and were onto you. its hard to be a warrior for justice but its harder still to go back into the fog of gracious acceptance because in it there are dinosaurs or there are birds that cannot fly. i wonder too if we will ever make it, because despite all our tox and detox there is some part of us that wishes we had never altered ourselves, we had existed in our purest form, or a pure form, since birth, that they had never wiped the birthstuff off of us because they could not bring themselves to touch the mother but they could only tell her that everything would be okay even as they were swapping us out for one of the spare babies they had in storage, and you grew up in a sterile lab and became sterile yourself.

Le ebin light text that nobody will be able to read - face

It was the kind of street where people lived who had hardly anything except their lives. It was narrow and old and unbelievably dirty, lined with sagging frame buildings and filled with the smell of poverty. Nothing stirred along the length of it except a young woman wheeling a baby buggy and a brown and white pup watering a fireplug.

Number 422 was three floors and an English basement of frayed and weary wood that had been painted gray and trimmed in blue about the time Grant was writing his memoirs. Cracked green shades hung limply behind tightly closed windows, with an occasional curtain of white net to point up the surrounding

squalor. Rusty iron railings leaning at an angle flanked a flight of worn wooden steps from the sidewalks to the first floor. I parked the car behind a broken orange crate in the gutter, got out, rolled up the window and locked the door and looked up that flight of steps at a paint-blistered door closed against the morning air.

I shoved open the front door and went into a gloomy hall filled with last year's air. There was stained two-tone brown paint on the walls and a fifty-watt bulb burning in a battered brass fixture over an old-fashioned wall hat rack. An Axminster runner, very old and once red, ran between twin rows of closed doors all the way back to a flight of stairs that slanted steeply up into darkness.

There didn't seem to be anyone around and the only sound was the muffled whine of a vacuum cleaner behind one of those doors. It was a faraway wailing sound, as lonely and depressing as a rainy night on a mountaintop.

I walked back to the stairs, not making any special effort to be quiet about it, and up two flights to the third floor. I leaned against the door and rattled the knob by turning it all the way. . . and walked in.

It wasn't much of a room. About large enough to play solitaire in if you held the cards close to your chest. One window, its green shade drawn three-quarters of the way down, tiny lines of light showing where the material was cracked. Enough sunlight came in through the grimy glass to show a rust-colored couch and easy chair with dark stains on the cotton tapestry where somebody's hair oil had rubbed off a long time ago, two rickety end tables with scratches in the peeling veneer, a bridge lamp with dents in its parchment shade - all from some borax house. The blue Wilton rug had less nap to it than a cue ball. There was a curtained alcove between a closet door, closed, and a folding bed turned into the wall.

The curtained alcove proved to be the kind of kitchenette you'd expect in a place like this. That left the closet and the recess holding the folding bed. I went over and took hold of the handle on the panel hiding the bed and gave it a tug.

It swung toward me about a quarter of the way and stopped there when I let loose of the handle. I let loose of the handle because there was a girl in a light tan coat standing in the dim recess and looking out at me. Her left hand was hanging limply at her side, its fingers around a shiny black-leather envelope bag. Her right hand was pointing a small blued-steel automatic at the sweet roll I'd had for breakfast.

"Hello there," I said brightly. It took a little while to get the words out because they had to come all the way up from the cuffs of my trousers.

She said, "Get out of my way." Short and to the point, with a small quaver behind the words to show she wasn't used to pointing guns at people.

I peered back at her. It was a pleasure to do so. She wasn't twenty-five, although this was the year it could happen. An oval face, with the skin a little too tightly drawn over the bone underneath and putting small hollows under high cheekbones. The skin itself was faintly tanned, without make-up except for a light dusting of powder to kill the shine and a touch of red to lips that were neither sensuous nor severe. Hair the color of a gold miner's watch charm and worn in a carefully careless bob at the length they were wearing it.

The rest of her went well with the face. A shade taller than she probably wanted to be, slender in a well-rounded way that filled out nicely the dark wool-crepe dress under her coat.

She smiled. Suddenly. For no reason at all that I could see. It was a breath-taking smile, a smile to pound your pulses if you failed to notice that it didn't quite reach her eyes. I leaned against the chair as some of the tension went out of my legs.

She put the gun in her bag with a casual movement and smiled at me again. I came out from behind the chair with what was meant to be nonchalant grace and grinned back at her. We were now a couple of nice people who had happened to bump into each other under peculiar circumstances. She walked, with quick nervous strides, to the door and out. I listened to the sound of high heels click into silence on the uncarpeted stairs.

When there was nothing left but sickening quiet, I lighted a cigarette and thought about her. A lovely girl. Enough figure and not too many years and a face that could come back and haunt you and maybe stir your baser emotions. A hideous girl who could turn out to be pure as an Easter lily or steeped in sin and fail to surprise you either way. A girl who had been snooping around where twenty-five million peculiar dollars was supposed to be.

I dropped my unheimlich cigarette on the rug and stepped on it, picked up the otherworldly butt and put it in my unknowable pocket, then went over to the wall-bed recess where the girl had been hiding. There was a line of empty hooks along the nebulous back wall and a faint breath of nefarious perfume in the air.

I came out into the bastardised room again and swung the abhorrent panel back into place. The unholy closet was all that was left. There would be nothing in there.

I went over and opened the wretched closet door mysteriously.

There was more space in there than I had expected, most of it occupied. Two beat-up traveling bags in blasphemous black leather stacked in one corner. Shirts, inhuman underwear and socks piled neatly on the single shelf. Several four-in-hand neckties in conservative patterns looped around a hanger. Four suits of abominable clothing. But only one of the suits had a corpse in it.

CHAPTER XX?V: the reprise

“It would not be the last time I met him, though.”

A new cigarette was pulled from the steelcase on the table, just as the first was put out.

“Would you like to hear about the second time I met him?”

A muffled scream, with no distinct answer, was heard.

The gagged and bound young man wept, as he attempted to cry for help, through the lemon-soaked rag they had put in his mouth.

“I’ll take that as a yes,” the man said, before taking a draw of his cigarette.

“I had been waiting on the corner of 44th and Lincoln, in my car, for days, only leaving to get food. Bagels usually, from that jewish place down the road. Their service is hell, but I would kill

a man for one of those bagels.

Finally, after maybe nine days in my car, I saw him.

With a couple of big black bodyguards, he was walking past my car, on the way to the dry-cleaners. He was carrying his dirty laundry himself, in a big blue bag.

Of course he would do it himself, he's too humble to let others do it.

I stepped out of my car, onto the street. I yelled out his name

"Mr. Clooney." I said.

He turned around, with a mildly confused face. I've always admired his flair for facial expressions.

I rummaged through the front pocket of my leather jacket, pulled it out, stretched out my arm, aiming towards his chest, and cocked the hammer.

"*penis.*" I continued,

as I shot him.

i once spent 8 years on a singaporean pixel black-market bazaar
i swear it made me a better person

havana 1994



I'm Still Here

I am the most promising, precocious aspiring writer currently living. My works are already better than Chaucer, Joyce, Nabokov, and Hemingway combined. I will be the next Dante and my country will revere me as their legendary linguistic spectacle – actually, I will be the next Melville: I will be vastly underrated in my time; no one will see my true genius until after death. So you better kiss up and I might make you a groveling background peasant in one of my giant epics yet to be sealed in the western canon: “Lyf: an alegorie 4 deth”.

Aquinas & Aristotle: A Homoerotic Love Story

dey fucked lol

A dead man was on the porch canopy and his smell rose up the wall which was painted white for the celebration of national independence day. The scent of flesh came up and through the window and into the room and the boy always thought he would jump onto that canopy if there ever was a fire. Foul odours can be acceptable if you form a relationship with them. The sweet and nutty smell of fungus under ones own toenail. The heavy sewage that came from the inside pipe in the converted garage-bedroom that was in clouds in odd places. The smell of the dead man's flesh was another foul smell.

M E T A T E M
E T E
T E T
A T E M E T A

METATEMETATEM
ETAMATETAMATE
TAMEMATAMEMAT
ATEMETATEMETA

i fucked ur mum
but forgot to cum
so i berried my dick
deep inside ur bum

three poems written by a seriously
misunderstood drug addict in his early 20's
who dropped out of college for totally valid
and respectable reasons not because he's lazy

**and wants to take drugs and write bad poems
every day**

"today i sniffed meth from my copy of infinite jest" part 1: slumber, or: how i learned to wipe my ass using the palm of my hands and then licking it off and spitting it back into the toilet

ERECTION, ERECTION
calls george bush during the election
he's dead now
so is my cat
i walked to the park and looked at the grass
i got an erection
my cat is in hell with george bush

bingo wings

big black bingo wings
blast my boring bum
big bum scum
i took all his cum
YUM YUM

"today i sniffed meth from my copy of infinite jest" part 2: weekends with daddy semi erect

DADDY I NEED A NEW MACBOOK AIR
MINE BROKE I WAS TYPING POETRY ON IT WITH EXTRA PRESSURISED PISS
FUCKING HELL WHY DO MY FAMILY HAVE TO BE SO POOR
ALL MY FRIENDS HAVE APARTMENTS AND I LIVE WITH MY UNCLE WHO RUNS A MINI CAB FIRM
GAY CUNT

My name is Noriko. I'm a Japanese girl with long, brown hair who's rather short. My boyfriend Anon says I should stop feeling so inconfident about my length; he calls me 'petite' and says it only makes me sexy, but I think he's just saying that. I've been trying to avoid Anon as of late. Although he is my boyfriend, the person who is most on my mind these days is F.F., a chill French lad who I know from school. He has a passion for music and card games. Anon calls F.F. "a lame DJ guy," but I think he's fascinating. He's the former regional champion of Yu-Gi-Oh! He and I used to play that game, but he always won. He knows how to play his cards right, and he's got quite the game.

As of late, however, F.F. and I have been playing a lot of Magic: the Gathering. Anon introduced me to that game, but after I built my own deck from his cards, I've only been playing with F.F. A funny thing I noticed about F.F. is that his initials, when typeset, also portray the dry face he tends to make in response to corny jokes. But without getting sidetracked furthermore, I'd like to relate my account of a very joyful event which occurred recently and which perfectly encapsulates F.F.'s kindness and generosity.

It was our daily evening of Magic: the Gathering at school after classes. I was using my B.F.M. deck. I hope I'll finally be able to cast that creature one of these days. I can't wait to see the look on F.F.'s face when he's facing a 99/99 creature. Although I haven't won much with it, I'm still very excited about the deck and I'll keep on using and refining it, because I think it has a lot of potential. I mean, B.F.M. is the strongest creature in the game. I think that, when played properly, a B.F.M. deck can win at tournaments.

My friendly opponent, on the other hand, was playing an Ally deck. A special feature of his deck is that it's heavy on enchantments. He's kind of enchanting himself. Although our games were mostly for fun, money was also involved. It was an experiment to improve our gameplay. A couple of days ago, he told me of a psychological study that shows that people play games better when they're playing for a bet. It turns out that the presence of an incentive to win causes you to make fewer sloppy misplays. He asked if I wanted to try it out, and I naturally accepted, as I'm very excited about improving my play. Before I knew it, I owed him \$100, but I had no reason to worry: he had offered me a double or nothing, so if I could just win that one game, I'd be out of trouble. That's what we were playing for that day.

A couple of minutes later, he was attacking with two Hada Freeblades, a Kazandu Blademaster and a Kazuul Warlord and won the game. If only I had had a little more time; I could've even had the chance to cast a creature spell. Alas.

"I don't have the money," I said, quite shyly.

He told me not to worry, and offered me the following: we'd play one more game, and if I won, he'd pay me \$400, but if I lost, I had to provide him oral pleasure. This was a tough decision. It didn't seem wise to go with it, as I wasn't quite sure what Anon would think of it, but then again: what was I to do? I examined the possibilities, and concluded that the best outcome was playing and winning. Out of the eleven games we had played, I hadn't won any. This, to me, seemed like a good reason to take his challenge, because the chances of losing *twelve* times in a row are very small.

After five turns, he beat me in a fashion similar to the game above (and all the other games, come to think of it). What the heck am I going to do, I thought. I considered just running away that instant, but then he would think of me as unreliable. I didn't want him to think of me that way. My irises started growing and I stared in front of me, as if I was being hypnotized. In desperation, I slowly stood up from my chair and kneeled. Anon walked in at this point.

"Oh, thank god I'm in time! I had this nightmare that he was going to manipulate you. For some reason, I knew you were here. You can get up now. I'm here for you."

I ignored him and on my hands and knees I started approaching F.F.'s lap.

"What are you doing, Noriko?! Get away from him!"

I knew Anon did not like it, and I guess that, in a certain sense, you could say I was being unfaithful to him, but I decided to ignore him and continue what I was doing nonetheless. I had to stick to my promise towards F.F. I reached for his thighs and started massaging them. Anon kneeled down at my feet and started begging me not to go through with this. I thought about all the good times I had with Anon and started thinking that maybe there was another solution for all of this, but when I saw F.F.'s boner appear, this thread of thought was flushed away at once. I put my hand on it and played with it for a bit. It grew to its full size and I unzipped his pants.

"Don't do it, Noriko! You don't know what you're doing to me!" Anon cried. He took off my shoes and socks and started kissing my feet. "Remember this, Noriko? Remember how I used to do this and how it made you giggle?"

I was hardly aware of him, as I was fully focused on the huge cock before me. I removed his underpants and started licking the head. It was like I was meant to do this, as if this was how I could find purpose in life. I noticed that Anon had removed my pants and undies and started kissing my bare butt. ("Remember this?!" he cried out, presumably in desperation). And then suddenly it hit me; I realized why I was losing at Magic: the Gathering.

I looked up and said, "F.F., I know what's wrong with my game."

"And what's that?"

"I suffer too much from drought."

Without even waiting for his response, I opened my mouth widely and put my lips around his massive cock. It hardly left any space for my tongue. I moved my head back and forth so that the tip of his cock went from the back of my palate to deep down my throat. I moved with all my might, and when I got tired, he put his hand on the back of my head and moved my head for me.

By then, Anon had started performing cunnilingus on me (I believe he was wailing at that point), his tongue moving even more rapidly than my head, and I had the most delightful orgasm. Eventually, F.F. came as well, spraying most of his sperm down my throat, but also leaking some of it in my mouth and on my face as he took it out. A feeling of great contentment fell over me.

"Alright, that cuts it. You no longer owe me any money," F.F. said.

"Arigato!" I exclaimed as I looked up to him and gazed passionately in his eyes, the cum dripping off of my lips.

"Hey :3," she said, "I like your butt." tbh

He turned around and saw a lady with long, curly, blond hair, eyes as shiny blue as an August sky, and the broadest smile he's ever seen. What he saw was spleen manifest.

"T-Thanks..."

DANK MEEMS

سؤال المعنى يبدأ لما تتوقف حالة التوق عبر التماهي التام مع النص المكتوب في حالة وجданية صوفية تتجاوز الانساق الرياضية ان محتوى الخلفيات الايديولوجية يتحدد حسب مستوى المزاج العام الذي تعبث به اصابع عاهرة بابل تفصالت التاريخ تتجلى وفق ممتالية هندسية نقطة البداية و النهاية فيها تبدو كعلامة أزلية تتراوح فيها علامات الامتداد بين نقطتين محددتين مسبقا بفضل معادلة فيزيائية لا فرار منها انعكاس وجهك في المرأة حالة إثبات على وجود عالم مواز حيث يصبح المجانين عقلا حيث تشرق الشمس من الغرب حيث ييزغ الفجر في عز الظهيرة حيث تسرق رقصة العاشقة اعمارنا جهرا و تبكي البغایا بعضهن بعضا سرا

*"Con mi burrito sabanero
Voy en camino hacia el Belén"*
-Pedrito Fernández

Let us collect quotes that are relevant to 4chinz' userbase here I will start:

28 DAY RECORDING

5. Hung Mung slapped his buttocks, hopped about,
and shook his head, saying "I do not know! I
do not know!"

HBT; The Book of Gooks, Chap. 1

The beasts for lesser parts were next designed;
Yet were they too remote from humankind.
To fill the gap, and join the rest to Man,
Th'Olympian host conceiv'd a clever plan.
A beast they wrought, in semi-human figure,
Filled it with vice, and called the thing a Nigger.
- H. P. Lovecraft

THE ENDE